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## VISITS TO DR ELLIOTSON'S.\*

ONE day lately, while residing a short time in London, I dined at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, where I happened to meet and form the acquaintance of the celebrated Dr Elliotson. I had heard of this gentleman only by vague report, and knew little further regarding him than that he had been zealous in the pursuit and practice of animal magnetism, for which he had incurred not a little obloquy and professional animosity. Much as this subject has recently been discussed, I had never paid any attention to it, and probably never should, but for the accident of meeting this eminent magnetist, and being gradually drawn into conversation with him. The good humour of the professor, the vivacity of his manner, and the truthful force of his observations when they bore upon philosophical subjects, gave me reason to imagine that deceit formed no part of his character; but at the same time I put myself on my guard, and was resolved to be carried away by "no sort of nonsense." On my bringing the conversation round to the subject with which his name was so intimately connected, I found that he had formed no distinct code of laws or precise theory regarding mesmerism, as he called it. He said that the experiments he had been able to make, were, in his opinion, highly interesting, as developing physical and mental phenomena of no ordinary kind; that he felt assured there existed in nature an unseen agent or agency, an influence, or whatever it might be called, which flowed from one living animal to another like a stream of electricity, although at the time the animals were not in contact with each other; and that in highly irritable conditions of the bodily frame, that agency produced certain phenomena of a most remarkable kind; that he did not pretend to account for or to understand the nature of the agency; all he insisted upon was, that such an agency existed, that it could be excited into activity, and was therefore, as a truth in nature, worthy of being examined, and to have its phenomena duly recorded. "I do not wish to lead you one way or another," he continued; "but if you feel any inclination to pursue the inquiry, call at my house, and I will perform some experiments in your presence on two patients, and you can think for yourself."

These explanations were so candid and fair, that I at once agreed to go and see the experiments. Tuesday next at four o'clock was appointed for my visit, and at that time I proceeded to the doctor's house, an elegant mansion in Conduit Street, taking with me two gentlemen of my acquaintance, one of them a medical man, who had never seen any experiments in mesmerism, and who I hoped would have all his eyes about him to make sure that there was no trickery or collusion.

We were shown into a splendid suite of rooms, and the doctor, his assistant, and his two patients, immediately made their appearance. The two patients, as he mentioned to me, were sisters, Elizabeth and Jane Okey, the former eighteen, and the latter sixteen years of age. In appearance, however, they were much younger, being small in figure; and I soon perceived that their behaviour was marked by an extreme silliness or infantile imbecility. They laughed, giggled, spoke broken nonsensical language, and ran about the room like two children at play. They could, however, understand what was said to them, and do as they

were bidden, their imbecility not being that of absolute idiots. The doctor explained to us that they had at one time been afflicted with epileptic fits, for which they had been placed under medical treatment in one of the London hospitals; that he had cured them of that malady by mesmerism, but that they were left in the infantile condition in which we now saw them; that this condition was a mode of existence quite peculiar; they had no recollection of any thing, not even of who they were; and they had every thing to learn afresh. He also mentioned that their susceptibility of mesmeric treatment was now excessive; that a single wave of the hand could stupify them, or send them to sleep; and that they were further susceptible of being thrown into a state of *perfect somnambulism*, or *waking sleep*, in which they were in a condition of existence different from the preceding. If I understood him rightly, they are susceptible of three conditions: first, the condition of silliness in which I saw them; second, the condition of somnambulism; and, third, that of rationality, in which all their old recollections revive, and they remember nothing of what has passed while in their other conditions. To these susceptibilities, however, there are occasional and very remarkable exceptions, and at all times their respective states of excitability are different. Both are sometimes so slightly irritable—or the force of the agency is so ineffective—that they cannot be operated upon in the usual manner; but a mode has been discovered of rendering them excitable. This is done by the touch of gold or silver, the contact being made on the palm of the hand.

The first experiment performed was something really startling. I had asked for a glass of water, which the doctor ordered Jane to bring into the room. She had just set down the water bottle and glass on a side table, when Dr Elliotson, at the distance of about twenty feet, and unseen by her, by a wave of his open hand transfixed her in the attitude in which she happened to be at the moment. She seemed frozen to the spot, and thus stood for a minute or two, with the rigidity of a statue. In half a minute she recovered with a sort of shudder, and came running back, whining as if affronted, and sat down on a chair. The series of experiments performed on her while she was looking at us, was equally striking, though some of them might certainly have been the result of previous rehearsal. A wave of a single finger, of two fingers, and of the whole hand, had each a peculiar effect in setting her asleep. The whole hand being passed through the air in front of her, made her, as I have said, stiff and motionless; her hands were clenched so firmly, that I could not with all my strength open them. From this rigid state, and with her eyes shut, she was recovered by the doctor holding the point of his hands (the two palms pressed together) directed to her hand, a process which seemed to relax the muscles, as if something had passed out of his into her hands, though at the distance of one or two inches. A little breath blown by the mouth also appeared to transfix her, and the same thing seemingly recovered her, the breath simply causing an alteration of condition in either way.

The touch of gold, silver, or nickel, or friction with any object, produces a similar effect in setting her asleep. Gold, if held previously in the hand of the operator, has a particularly powerful effect; and a streak of water with a small brush, if the water has been previously blown upon, and had the fingers of a person in it, has the most powerful effect of all; so much so as to be in some measure dangerous to the patient. The touch of, or friction with, iron, always loosens the rigidity, and awakens the patient.

One experiment appears to me worthy of particular description. The assistant procured a thick pasteboard, which he held to the neck, and round the face of the girl, so that she could not see any thing before her. We sat down in front of her. The doctor rubbed the palm of one of her hands with a piece of lead the size of a pencil. He repeated the experiment several times, but no effect was visible. At length he rubbed the lead on a sovereign which he held in his hand, and then applied the lead to the girl's palm; instantly the hand was clenched into rigidity. The doctor now took me to the door, and said, "Tell me how many times I shall repeat the rubbing with the lead alone, and at what time I shall touch the gold." I answered, "Touch the gold in your hand at the fifth time." We returned to our seats, and the experiment being repeated, he rubbed four times without effect; when, at the fifth time, having, as I perceived, touched the lead with the gold, her hand became clenched like a vice. While these experiments were performing, her face was so enveloped with the pasteboard, that she saw nothing of the operations; neither, I feel assured, could she hear any sound from the rubbing of the lead on the gold; if the operator or his assistant made any secret signal to cause her to clench her hand, nothing of the kind was apparent.

These, and most of the other experiments, were performed on Jane, the younger sister. Elizabeth, the elder of the two, a beautiful girl of a dark complexion, with finely moulded features, and who had been amusing herself meanwhile in running over the keys of a piano, was now experimented upon. She possesses a degree of mesmeric susceptibility which permits the performance of an experiment very elegant in its nature. By certain passes of the hands, and other means, she was thrown by Dr Elliotson into the somnambulic condition. In this she stood fixed in the most graceful attitude for several minutes, her eyes open, but looking vaguely forward, while an innocent smile played upon her countenance. The doctor spoke softly to her as she thus stood gazing in a statue-like attitude (harsh speaking being, as he said, hurtful and displeasing to her while in the somnambulic state); he asked how long she would remain in the way she was, and she replied "ten minutes." At about the eleventh minute, as I reckoned by my watch, she passed out of the somnambulic condition by falling back in a kind of swoon or sleep, and was immediately recovered by being blown upon by the breath: she awoke to her condition of infantile playfulness. While this experiment was performed on Elizabeth, my companions were chatting with Jane, and, as I afterwards learned, experimenting upon her. My medical friend, by a pass of his hand when her back was turned towards him, threw her at once into a sleep, and she would have dropped but for the timely support which was given. This extraordinary susceptibility, and to all appearance the entire absence of deception, astonished my friends not a little.

The experiments were altogether so curious, and so unexplainable by any known laws, that I felt my mind bewildered. I told Dr Elliotson that I had now seen what seemed very extraordinary, and almost magical; still that I was not convinced, and should like to see something more; however, that could scarcely be, as I intended to leave London next day. Dr Elliotson now mentioned that he was to have a public exhibition next day at three o'clock, and that he should be glad if I would remain in town one day longer, and make one of the company. I agreed to this polite proposal, and returned next day accordingly.

I found on this occasion from thirty to forty

\* It may be proper to state that the writer of the above paper, and witness of the transactions described in it, is one of the conductors of the Journal.

ladies and gentlemen in the room, along with Dr Elliotson, his assistant, and the two patients, as before. The company being all met, a series of experiments commenced, similar to those which I had already witnessed, with a few others that I had not seen. Not to be tiresome, I shall briefly describe those that were new to me. Jane was placed in a chair, beside which stood on the ground three iron weights tied together, making eighty-six pounds, which she was told to lift by the ring of the principal weight. At first she could not perform this feat; but, her hand being placed on the ring, Dr Elliotson drew his hands upwards several times, as if drawing something out of her hand, and, after a certain number of these upward passes, her hand actually lifted the eighty-six pounds off the floor, and swung the weights round. Being relieved, she rose up, and I among others advanced to try our powers of lifting; but not one of those who attempted it could raise the weights in the sitting position. Several gentlemen lifted them standing. The circumstance of a feeble girl of sixteen years of age, with one hand, lifting or swaying off the ground a weight of eighty-six pounds, and at the time sitting in the worst possible attitude for performing such a feat, is of itself a most extraordinary fact, and the cause of it altogether baffles my comprehension.

The next thing done was the recovering of the same girl, Jane, from her condition of imbecility to that of sound reason. This was a disagreeable experiment. The doctor closely pressed her face with his hands, while his assistant similarly pressed the back of her head. The mode of applying the hands was peculiar. They were placed across the face and across the back of the head. We were told that if they were placed up and down the face and head, the desired effect could not be produced. The point of the patient's nose was only visible, and left at liberty for breathing. A wave of the hand downwards first sent her to sleep, and the process of pressure, as I have described it, proceeded. Once or twice she seemed to be recovering, but by an instantaneous application of the hand longitudinally, the sleep was continued, it being important that she should not recover too soon, for then her irrational condition would not be dissipated. After some minutes were spent in this manner, the doctor said he believed she would now certainly recover to consciousness. She heaved sundry deep sighs, the operators took off their hands, and she awoke to all appearance a new creature. She seemed astonished to see such a crowd of persons, stood up and curtsied to the ladies, and spoke with modest diffidence on being addressed. She had no remembrance of any thing that had taken place while in her former condition; she did not know who I was, although she had known and named me previously, from having seen me the day before; she knew her sister, however, from early recollections in her rational condition, but her sister did not know her. After a little time, she was allowed to go out of the apartment. At a subsequent part of the proceedings, she was recalled, and, by a pressure of the doctor's thumbs on her palms, sent back into her infantile condition, when she immediately began to speak and act nonsense.

The reader will here naturally ask a question which occurred to my own mind, and which I put to Dr Elliotson—if the patient can thus be restored to reason at the will of the operator, why not allow her to remain in that condition, and so restore her to society? The doctor, in answer, explained, that the infantile condition would seem to be a state of mind most suitable for the progressive strengthening of the physical frame, and so permitting a cure of that nervous irritability which in the first instance produced epileptic fits—that while in the infantile condition she was gaining health and strength—that, in point of fact, both girls had greatly improved in intelligence since they came into his charge—and that ultimately the nervous irritability would possibly be so much allayed, that a final and complete restoration to reason might be ventured on with safety. This, as far as I can recollect, was the substance of Dr Elliotson's explanations, and I gathered his meaning so far as to comprehend that it was in reality an act of humanity to allow the two girls to remain in the mean time in the half-idiot condition in which I saw them. I further learned that the doctor had cured other patients of epilepsy by mesmeric treatment, and that all persons were less or more liable to be acted upon, though in many cases a month's treatment (that is, waving the hand towards them for a few minutes once a day for a month) would be required before they could be rendered so susceptible as to be thrown into the magnetic sleep.

Dr Elliotson now proceeded to show another experiment, that of drawing the girl, Elizabeth, after him, by the action of his hands, although at a con-

siderable distance from her. Having placed her in an easy-chair, and set her to sleep, he retreated slowly from her backwards, his eyes looking steadily at her, and his hands held together and pointed towards her. As he retreated, he repeatedly drew in his hands towards him, as if drawing something in the air along with him. He thus retreated the breadth of the room and across a lobby into another apartment, a distance of perhaps fifty or sixty feet. As he retreated, the girl at intervals appeared convulsed, and endeavoured to raise herself, or to bend forward as if desirous of following the operator, but always fell back into her position of repose. The experiment being performed, the girl was recovered.

This experiment did not make a deep impression on the company, for the phenomena it exhibited could be too easily accounted for by supposing that the girl simulated. The next, which was the touching the palms of Elizabeth with unanirated and afterwards aurified lead, was more striking and unaccountable. Determined to prevent collusion between the operator and patient, if such existed, I solicited the office of performer, and the doctor being quite willing, I forthwith began. All was expectation. Fancy the girl reclining in an easy chair, with a thick pasteboard held sloping upwards close round her neck, so that she could see nothing but the roof; I sitting in a chair in front of her; the crowd of spectators behind me on seats; and the doctor, by my request, placed out of sight near the door. In the right hand I held the stalk of lead, in the other a sovereign. I told the girl to open her hand, and I then rubbed it with the lead—perhaps twenty or thirty rubbings on the palm. I told her to close her hand; she did so. I told her again to open her hand; and she did so. I thus rubbed her palm *thrice*, and at each time caused her to close and then open her hand. It was evident to all that the lead had no effect. I now rubbed the lead on the sovereign, and rubbed her palm as before. I then asked her to shut her hand, and she did so. Now came the trying moment. I asked her to open her hand, but she could not; it was stiff and clenched. A murmur of surprise burst from all around. It appeared as if the contact of the gold with the lead had caused this remarkable phenomenon; and it was equally apparent that there was no collusion. I feel satisfied that the girl did not see what I was doing. How the aurified lead should have had the effect it appeared to have (granting there was no deception in the case), is beyond my power to explain.

I next proceeded to perform the experiment of streaking the fingers of the patient with water. Two wine-glasses were half filled with common water from a jug, and into each was put a camel-hair pencil. Into the water in one glass the doctor's assistant put two of his fingers, and also breathed several times, as if to affect it with some kind of influence. To the water in the other glass nothing was done. The girl sat on the chair in a deep magnetic sleep, with her face shielded by the pasteboard. Using the common water, I now streaked the back of the first and third finger of her left hand, which was lying conveniently on her knee, and then streaked the second and fourth with the mesmerised water. I repeated the streakings three or four times. After an interval of a minute, and while all anxiously looked on, the fingers touched with mesmerised water moved and pointed outwards, but the other fingers continued fixed as they happened to lie. On touching both thumbs with the mesmerised water, they shortly moved in the same manner. The patient was now recovered by the usual means, though with some difficulty, as the mesmerised water has, as I said, a very powerful effect.

Both before and after this experiment, I had, unperceived by Jane, waved my hand behind her, and it uniformly and constantly fixed her into rigidity. Other gentlemen present took similar opportunities of magnetising her by a pass of the hand, and always with the same result, for the power seems to reside in any one. I need hardly say that this hye-play caused extreme astonishment to every one who saw it practised, and all confessed that they could not previously have the smallest conception of its effects. Towards the conclusion of the proceedings, a cockatoo was brought into the room, and when the girl rubbed it with her hand, the same kind of stupor was produced in her person; the lower animals as well as mankind being agents, as I was told, of this mysterious power.

Before my departure, I took out my watch and held it towards her, as a person holds a watch before a child's face to engage its attention. I asked her to kiss the watch, and doing so she was instantly fixed in a stupor in a bending attitude: the gold, as was explained, had produced this effect. She recovered by my blowing in her face. Again she became fixed by taking hold of the chain; but on afterwards kissing the glass of the watch, she was not in any way affected. I touched the back of her neck with the gold side of the watch, and it stupified her; on touching her with the glass, no effect, as before, was produced.

I now finish the account of this very strange exhibition; it will be perhaps asked by the reader, what is my opinion on the subject, but I profess my inability to give one. My feelings are those of astonishment. I cannot believe that any deception was practised, although I possess no proof that there was not. Dr Elliotson pledged his honour that there was no collusion; and as he is a man of education and fortune above being acted upon by sordid or mean motives, I cannot imagine that the phenomena which I have

described occurred from any trick on his part. I, however, leave the reader to think for himself, and simply content myself with having given an account of certainly one of the most curious "sights" of London.

#### THE HON. C. A. MURRAY'S WORK ON AMERICA.

SECOND NOTICE.

A CONTINUOUS flow of lively description and abundance of incident were formerly mentioned as the chief characteristics of Mr Murray's volumes. To such an extent, in truth, are they distinguished by these qualities, that, even after the lengthened notice in our previous number, our only difficulty is still in selection. On the present occasion we propose to give our readers some idea of the general style and tenor of that portion of the work relating to the American Union, various districts of which the author visited both before and after his ramble among the Pawnees.

While America excels all other countries in the number and extent of its canals and railways, its ordinary roads, even in important districts, appear to be of the most execrable kind. For example, in performing a day's journey of thirty-two miles between Washington, the legislative metropolis of the Union, and the village of Leesburgh, Mr Murray found that "in one place the road, or rather the passage, with a high bank on one side and a canal on the other, was so thickly strewn with rocks, that it was impossible to guide either horse or wheels between them; the aforesaid flank barricades prevented the attainment of the usual remedial luxury in this country, of driving by the side of the road over stumps of trees or through a morass. My little Indian leader (for I drove my pair of ponies *tandem*) was now perched on a stone with his tail above the wheeler's head, then descended into a pool where he was hardly visible;" and, in short, the whole progress of the author and his vehicle was something like that agreeable journey (he says) described by Milton:—

"Nigh foundered, on he fares,  
O'er bog, or steep, through straits, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way."

So much for a sample of a rocky journey. Leaving Washington in another direction a short time afterwards, our traveller descended the Potomac for sixty miles, and then, quitting the river, took the road by Fredericksburgh for Richmond, the capital of Virginia. Let the reader keep in mind that this road is the great highway between the Virginian metropolis and the seat of the federal government, and then peruse the following description of the route from the landing-place on the Potomac to Fredericksburgh. "I was informed that the distance was only twelve miles, and I was weak enough (in spite of my previous experience) to imagine that two hours would bring me thither, especially as the stage was drawn by six good nags, and driven by a lively cheerful fellow; but the road bade defiance to all these advantages—it was, indeed, such as to compel me to laugh outright, notwithstanding the constant and severe bumping to which it subjected both the intellectual and sedentary parts of my person. I had before tasted the sweets of mud-holes, huge stones, and remnants of pine-trees, standing and cut down; but here was something new, namely, a bed of reddish-coloured clay, from one to two feet deep, so adhesive that the wheels were at times literally not visible in any one spot from the box to the tire, and the poor horses' feet sounded, when they drew them out (as a fellow-traveller observed), like the report of a pistol. I am sorry that I was not sufficiently acquainted with chemistry or mineralogy to analyse that wonderful clay, and state its constituent parts; but if I were now called upon to give a receipt for a mess most nearly resembling it, I would write, 'Recipe—(nay, I must write the ingredients in English, for fear of taxing my Latin learning too severely)—

Ordinary clay	-	-	-	1 lb.
Do. pitch	-	-	-	1 lb.
Bird-lime	-	-	-	6 oz.
Putty	-	-	-	6 oz.
Glue	-	-	-	1 lb.
Red lead, or colouring matter	-	-	-	6 oz.

Fiat haustus—agrot. terq. quaterq. quatiend.'

Whether the foregoing, with a proper admixture of hills, holes, stumps and rocks, made a satisfactory draught or not, I will refer to the unfortunate team—I, alas! can answer for the effectual application of the second part of the prescription, according to the Joe Miller version of "When taken, to be well shaken!"

It has been already remarked, that the author of this work abstains from lengthened and invidious comparisons between American and European or British manners and customs. At the same time he records always what he saw and heard, and the following extract will give an example of his way of showing both sides of the question. Speaking of his passage along the rail and canal line to Pittsburgh, he says, "The company on board these packet-boats is very mixed, including every grade, from the operative to the highest class in Philadelphia. I was very fortunate in meeting with an elderly gentleman well known as one of the most eminent and accurate reporters in this country. I enjoyed much agreeable and not uninteresting conversation with this gentleman, and I never saw the autumn of life adorned with more sober or more cheerful hues: happy in his home, honoured by his children, with a good constitution and a religious



and contented spirit, and maintaining his opinions, which were strong and somewhat peculiar, with all the warmth and energy of youth, I could not help wishing, that thirty years hence, if I am destined so long to live, my mind and body might be in a similarly happy frame.

I found an amusing contrast in the manners of some western travellers, who were cast in a rougher mould: they were not satisfied till they had found out who I was, where I came from, why I came, where I was going to, how long I meant to stay, and, in addition to these particulars, how much my umbrella cost, and what was the price of my hat. This last inquiry was followed by the party taking it up from the bench, and putting it on his head, which was not very cool, neither did it appear to have suffered much annoyance from water or from comb; luckily the hat did not fit, and after giving it two or three stout pulls in a vain attempt to draw it over his scalp, he returned it to me. Another fellow saw me smoking a Carbanos cigar; he asked me, 'Stranger, have you got another of them things? I will give you a cent for one' (a halfpenny). I immediately gave him one, saying, in perfect good humour, 'I will not sell you one, but I shall be very glad if you will accept this.' To my surprise he became irritated and angry, and tried two or three times to force the cent upon me. I refused as stoutly; and at length told him, that if he was determined to buy, and not to accept the cigar, I should charge him half a dollar for it. This view of the case induced him to take it gratis, but he seemed annoyed, and by no means grateful.

Mr Murray simply remarks, after relating this anecdote, that he does not believe these men to be "less civil and good-humoured than those of a similar class in Lancashire or Yorkshire." He discriminates between manners and intentions, and, conceiving them not to have the intention to be impertinent, does not hold them to be so, because their manners wear that aspect to one otherwise trained. Their behaviour to one another, being precisely the same as their conduct to strangers, shows them to have no wish to be specially rude to the latter. One example of the equality they preserve among themselves will amuse the reader. While Mr Murray was sailing in a steamer down the Mississippi, it chanced that he and the "captain went ashore at a wood-yard; and on entering the log-but, the housewife, a woman about thirty-five, seemed to recognise his features (they had once lived in the same neighbourhood), and she addressed him thus: 'Why, you ar'n't Wilson?' He answered, 'No, madam; my name is Fox.' She replied (holding out her hand to him in the most friendly manner), 'Why, Fox, *consarn your old skin!* is that you?' Keeping such things in mind, our author, like a sensible man, only laughed good-humouredly, when, on the very first night of his stay with a worthy Virginian farmer, "not only my host, but his farm-assistants and labourers, called me *Charlie*."

While in the States, Mr Murray saw much reason to regret and condemn the system of duelling there practised. In the army and navy, duels are fearfully frequent, though it is among civilians that the practice usually appears in its most detestable form. When at Leesburgh, near Washington, "I became acquainted (says he) with a gentleman, Colonel M—, who had been concerned in one of those extraordinary duels unheard of in any other civilised nation. He had quarrelled with General M—, to whom he was related (they were either first-cousins or brothers-in-law, I forget which), and upon some occasion of meeting and dispute, the colonel knocked the general down. Of course he immediately challenged Colonel M—, leaving him the choice of any medium of destruction which suited his fancy. Colonel M—, knowing the general to be an experienced swordsman and an unerring shot, proposed to the gentleman who came to settle the preliminaries of this 'mighty pretty quarrel,' that he and the general should sit upon the same barrel of gunpowder, and by the application of a match, both take a trip into the aerial regions. This very sociable proposal was declined by the general; and the colonel, still determined to have the honour of his relation's company in the long journey 'from which no traveller returns,' suggested the propriety of their taking hands and jumping together off the top of the Capitol. This courteous (query, *Curtius*) offer was also declined by the unaccommodating and unreasonable general; and the third proposal of the colonel was *muskets and ball, at five or ten paces* (I forget which). To this arrangement there could be no objection. They met—fired together by signal—the general was shot through the heart, while his ball, which was pursuing its true course to his opponent's breast, struck against the breech of his musket, glanced off, and did no further injury than shattering a part of one of his wrists; he showed me the scar of this wound. I have given this story exactly as it was told me by several of the colonel's own acquaintances in the town where he lives, and have no reason to doubt its correctness. It is only necessary to add, that both these parties were men of as high standing as any in their district, both members of the legislature, and that this duel was fought within fifty miles of the capital of the United States." This system of fighting differs very little from deliberate murder; and that it prepares the mind for the perpetration of that worse crime, is shown by such incidents as the following, which occurred in the state of Louisiana. "On the 3d of February 1835, a little before the usual time of the meeting of the House of

Representatives, Mr J. Grymes, a distinguished lawyer of New Orleans, entered the hall; and advancing towards Mr Labranche, the *Speaker* of the House, raised his cane and struck him; whereupon Mr Labranche drew a pistol, and fired at Mr Grymes. The ball passed through the lapel of his coat; he immediately drew a pistol, and fired at Mr Labranche, who fell wounded. After a long dispute as to the right of the house to try Mr Grymes for this assault, it was carried in the affirmative, and he was brought up to the bar and—reprimanded!"

It is to be feared that such exhibitions as these, where the actors are men filling high stations in the republic, cannot be without their effect in encouraging that cruel style of fighting, with the practice of which the lower orders have been charged in some parts of the Union. Both are abominable modes of settling personal quarrels. It is in Kentucky that the "rough-and-tumble" method of fighting, where eyes are occasionally pulled out, has been most practised; but Mr Murray's observations on the spot led him to the conclusion that "the stories current respecting 'gauging,' as it is called, are exaggerated, and mostly *intended*." In place, however, of pursuing this disagreeable subject, we prefer to turn to some of our author's remarks on Kentucky, where he was for some time a guest of Mr Clay, the celebrated senator and orator. With a party from this gentleman's hospitable mansion, he went to see a farm near Lexington, belonging to General Shelby, one of the most famous agriculturists and cattle-breeder in the province. "General Shelby's pastures are on a fine virgin soil, well shaded by noble forest-timber, with here and there an open glade (something like an English park). It is scarcely credible, but undoubtedly true, as I have it from the lips of these gentlemen in company, that this beautiful farm of two thousand acres, together with another in the neighbourhood (of eighteen hundred acres), were bought by Mr Shelby's father for an old rifle!—at least, for a rifle, whether old or new I know not! The property is now worth at least sixty dollars an acre (besides the houses, &c.), which, according to Cocker, would give a sum of £45,000 sterling, as the value of an estate sold only fifty years since for a rifle! It makes one angry to see or hear of such luck happening to a fellow-worm; and when I looked at General Shelby, I almost felt that I had as good a right to the farm as he had." General Shelby showed his visitors a large and most excellent stock of cattle and mules. "The former are mostly crossed, more or less nearly, from the Durham breed; one lot, of three years old, was in prime order, and would have extracted a nod of approbation from a Lincolnshire grazer. They were probably worth *here* about 70 dollars, or £14, a-head. Mr Shelby told me that last year he sold a lot of fifty, averaging twelve hundred-weight each! The mules are becoming the most lucrative farm-stock in this state; they are found to be so much more serviceable and tough than horses, especially on plantations worked by slaves, where they are apt to be ill fed and ill attended to, that a good mule sells here for 150 dollars, which is a very high price for a horse. As an illustration, I will merely mention one instance, given to me by Mr E—. He bought a fine female ass, two years ago (in foal), for 100 dollars; she produced a fine male, which he sold for 400 dollars; she produced a foal again this spring, for which he has refused 300 dollars; and he sold the dam herself lately for 600 dollars; so, in this instance, there was a clear gain of 1200 dollars from one ass in two years! Mr Shelby has a great number of mules; he sold last year 3000 dollars' worth of them."

One of the few instances in which Mr Murray departs temporarily from his own straightforward narration to advert to what has been said by preceding travellers in the United States, occurs on the occasion of his visit to Cincinnati. He describes the situation of this city as at once beautiful and convenient, and its numerous edifices, holding forty thousand people, as handsome and regular. He then challenges the justice of Mrs Trollope's remarks on the inhabitants. "I have been in company with ten or twelve of the resident families, and have not seen one single instance of rudeness, vulgarity, or incivility, while the shortness of the invitations, and absence of constraint and display, render the society more agreeable, in some respects, than that of more fashionable cities. If the proposition stated is merely this, 'that the manners of Cincinnati are not so polished as those of the best circles in London, Paris, or Berlin, that her luxuries, whether culinary or displayed in carriages, houses, or amusements, are also of a lower cast,' I suppose none would be so absurd as to deny it. I hope few would be weak enough gravely to inform the world of so self-evident a truth; but I will, without fear of contradiction, assert, that the history of the world does not produce a parallel to Cincinnati in rapid growth of wealth and population. Of all the cities that have been founded by mighty sovereigns or nations, with an express view to their becoming the capitals of empires, there is not one that, in twenty-seven years from its foundation, could show such a mass of manufacture, enterprise, population, wealth, and social comfort, as Cincinnati, and which owes its magnitude to no adscititious favour or encouragement, but to the judgment with which the situation was chosen, and to the admirable use which its inhabitants have made thereof."

When I think of the short period that has elapsed since the red Indian, the bear, the elk, and the buffalo,

roamed through these hills; since the river (bearing on its bosom nothing but the bark canoe, or the flat-bottomed boat of the Indian trader) flowed in silence through the massive and impenetrable forest; and turn from that fancied picture to the one now before my eyes, displaying crowded and busy streets, rattling with drays and carriages; factories on all sides, resounding with the regular and mighty swing of the engine; numerous taper spires pointing to heaven; thence turn to the river, and see it alive with streaming commerce; and look beyond over the villages, the neat farms, the orchards, and the gardens—I am filled with astonishment and admiration at the energy and industry of man, and with pride at the self-suggested reflection, that this metamorphosed wilderness is the work of Britain's sons; and I do pity, from the bottom of my heart, the man (and, above all others, the Englishman) who can see nothing in such a scene but food for unjust comparisons, sneers, railery, and ridicule!"

Though in the recently settled quarters of the Union our author found himself exposed to great inconveniences in the inns and taverns, he speaks most favourably of the accommodations and treatment he met with in the older or long-settled districts, such as New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire. "I never had reason (he says) to complain of want of cleanliness, good victuals, or civility." It is true (he continues) that "upon entering or driving up to a tavern, the landlord will sometimes continue smoking his pipe without noticing your entrance; and if you ask whether you can have dinner, you may be told 'dinner is over, but I guess you can have something.' If you are a true John Bull, you will fret and sulk; and silently comparing this with the bustling attention and *empressment* of an English waiter or boots, you walk about by yourself, chewing the bitter cud of your wrath: but if you are a traveller, or formed by nature to become one (which John Bull is not), you will take this reception as you find it and as the usage of the country, and in a few minutes *he* of the pipe will be assisting to arrange your baggage, to dry your wet great-coat, and a tolerable dinner will be in preparation." Mr Murray also informs us, that upon one occasion, when accidental circumstances had rendered such civility desirable, one of these same landlords, though a perfect stranger to him, accepted his draft on New York for the price of a pony; and at another time, an individual of the same class advanced him fifty dollars, by indorsing his draft on New York, and cashing it at the nearest local bank. Our author justly doubts whether a stranger would meet with the same liberality in a country town in Britain; and observes, that these circumstances are at least very inconsistent with the charge of eagerness and suspiciousness in money matters which we are too apt to bring against the Yankees.

We must now part with this entertaining production, and we do so with the recommendation to our country friends to put it into their district libraries as soon as they conveniently can.

#### SNOWE'S LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.\*

In the preface to this work, the author mentions that "the wild and wondrous legends which appertain to each particular castle on the Rhine—the extraordinary traditions which attach themselves to almost every spot on its shores—the spirit-stirring histories connected with its cities, and towns, and hamlets, through the long period when it was, not alone the sole highway of central Europe, but the centre of European civilisation, have never yet been gathered together, nor given in a complete shape to the world." It has been his object to perform this task to the English public, and the result is before us. The book is a very elegant one, being beautifully printed, and embellished with a great number of plates, chiefly representing the cities and castles of the Rhine, besides a number of woodcuts illustrative of the legendary narrations. The author has evidently exercised great activity in collecting the romantic stories of the Rhine, as well as considerable powers of graceful narration in his manner of working them up. The great majority refer to the middle ages, and involve many supernatural details; but we prefer a specimen of a different description, in

#### THE MILLER'S MAID.

There is a lonely mill, close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story.

It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Hännchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner

\* The Rhine—Legends, Traditions, History—from Cologne to Mainz. By Joseph Snowe, Esq. 2 vols. London, P. G. Winstley.

for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Bottler. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he dispatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labour all day long, and you do nothing. But, never mind! 't would go hard with me an I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles: a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources for every emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly, "what is to be, must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I can't move, you hug me so tight. And if I can't stir, you can't get the money; that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the household will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and, finally, let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said; "quick! quick!—no delay. The money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bedroom, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once; and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down the stairs on tip-toe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave the alarm.

"Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. "Fly! fly to father! fly on your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an he haste not back! Fly! fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hännchen cheered him onward, and inspired his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy! bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart; "an master arrives in time, I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed Lady of the Kreuzberg, by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept, as she sat, at the thoughts of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape. Oh! the deadly villain! and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child, and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however; and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows; and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses, and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee!" he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it in on ye!"

"If you can, you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; "that will bring her to reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hännchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall ye set foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward as he sought about for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set it a-going now! It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbours, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed; "'tis God sent it to me!"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as they came into action: the mill was in full operation.

It was in that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aper-

ture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hännchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotatory prison; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the mean time, the wheel went round and round with its steady unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell, to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round, and round, and round, as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connection with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbours. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on the Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords wherewith the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain any account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hännchen, in a few words, told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with great difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound, and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hännchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave-hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger, and her deliverance.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### MISTAKES OF WELL-KNOWN WRITERS.

PERHAPS of all the things which the world, from prejudice or ignorance, habitually misunderstands, there is nothing more largely misunderstood than Malthus's theory of population. Mr Thomas Hood, in one of his witty works, says, "I concede not to that modern doctrine which supposes a world on short allowance, or a generation without a ration. There is no mentionable overgrowth likely to happen in life or literature. Wholesome checks are appointed against overfecundity in any species. Thus the whale thins the myriads of herrings, the teeming rabbit makes Thyesian family dinners on her own offspring, and the hyenas devour themselves. Death is never backward when the human race wants hoeing; nor the critic to thin the propagation of the press. The surplus children that would encumber the earth are thrown back into the grave; the superfluous works into coffins prepared for them by the trunk-maker. Nature provides thus equally against scarcity and repletion. There are a thousand blossoms for the one fruit that ripens, and numberless buds for every prosperous flower. Those for which there is no space or sustenance, drop early from the bough," &c. It may safely be said that Mr Hood never made a better joke than this, for, while evidently inspired with antipathy to the name of the Malthus doctrines, and anxious to show that he does not believe them, he actually states these very doctrines as his belief—the theory of Malthus being, not that the numbers of mankind become too many for the food, but that they have a tendency to become so, and are prevented from doing so by the insufficiency of aliment—exactly what Mr Hood says in the above extract.

Confucius says, "Never contract friendship with a man that is not better than thyself." What a saying for a sage! What is the superior person to do? Is he also only to contract friendship with his superiors? In that case, his inferiors have, we suspect, a poor



chance of obtaining his regard. In fact, the thing altogether defeats itself, and is simply impracticable. There is a similar error in a poem of Burns:—

—“keep yourself  
Free critical dissection;  
But keep through every other man,  
Wit sharpened aly inspection.”

If every one is to arm himself in complete mail, how is any one to get in his dagger-point at all? Such mistakes arise from a confusion of mind as to particular and general. The advice may serve for one, as far as the possibility of realising it is concerned, though founded on gross selfishness; but it will not serve for the whole; and this simply, because we cannot have all sharpeners, or all victims.

#### THE SPANIEL OF DARMSTADT.

A NEW phenomenon has recently appeared in the musical world. Marvels of this kind are not uncommon, in the shape of little biped urchins, not yet out of petticoats, who execute variations upon the fourth string, and write fugues without knowing a note of music. But this novel phenomenon is of an entirely different order, being a modest quadruped of the canine race. Dogs have been occasionally observed, both in modern and past days, to show an extreme sensibility to music. On some of them, fine music has been known to produce an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and, finally, to fly from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. All these displays, however, of musical tendencies on the part of the canine race, are as nothing in comparison with the following, which a recent German paper gives an account of, for the amusement of the world of harmony.

Frederick S., a musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, possesses a female spaniel, which has become a strange source of terror to all the mediocre musicians of the place and its vicinity. Having acquired a competency by commercial industry, Mr S. retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the daily and hourly enjoyment of his favourite science. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical enchantment; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S. felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear some part or other in the general domestic concert, and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a false note escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. By and bye, simple menaces with the stick were substituted for blows, and at a still more advanced period of this extraordinary training, a mere glance of Mr S.'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalled by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became, what she still is, the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative; if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassible. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly showing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr Frederick S.—and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, the dog. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarinet, hautbois, or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature is confined to the mere execution of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its present and perfected intelligence extends even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurs in a piece of music, the animal shows symptoms of uneasy hesitation, and if the error be continued, will infallibly give the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle is the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S. and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds, from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its

eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the immoderately concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience is tried to excess, it becomes altogether wild, and flies fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S., in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing (but latent) before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog is certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers have not been displayed on a wider stage. The operatic establishments of London and Paris might be greatly the better, perhaps, of a visit from the critical Poodle.\*

#### THE MAN OF ROSS.

“Rise, honest muse, and sing the Man of Ross.”

THE true history and character of the individual, to whom the muse of Pope, thus invoked, arose and gave immortality in song, are but little known to the world at large, although almost every reader of the poet's lines must have felt an interest in a being so noble as the Man of Ross was there represented to be. John Kyrie was the proper appellation of the person whom local circumstances, as will be explained in the sequel, caused to bear the title of the Man of Ross. He was a native of the parish of Dymock, in the county of Gloucester, and was born on the 22d of May 1637. He was descended from a respectable family, once possessed of considerable estates on the borders of Gloucester and Hereford shires, and one of his immediate progenitors filled the office of high-sheriff of the latter county. The paternal grandmother and great-grandmother of the subject of our memoir were both personages of distinguished extraction, the former being the sister of Waller the poet, while the other stood in the same degree of relationship to John Hampden the patriot. Though the patrimonial property of the Kyries (or Crulls, or Curls, as they had occasionally been named) had greatly decreased in extent previously to the time of John Kyrie, his father was yet in a comfortable position in society, and able to give the son a most liberal training, and every educational advantage which the country and time could afford. Being intended for the bar, young Kyrie was entered a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, on the 21st of April 1654. On his admission, he presented a piece of plate to the college, in the form of a tankard, promising to enlarge this donation when any other person gave a better. Apparently, such an event really happened, since the plate, which weighed originally little more than eighteen ounces, was increased, in or before the year 1670, to a degree of gravity exceeding sixty-one ounces. The tankard is understood to be still in use in Balliol College.

At the decease of his father, John Kyrie, who was the elder of two sons, found himself inheritor of little more than the family dwelling-house in the town of Ross in Herefordshire, together with a few patches of land in the neighbourhood. But these possessions seem to have been quite sufficient to maintain him respectably, as he did not follow up the profession of the law, but permanently took up his residence in the district of his nativity. In truth, his frugal way of life, as well as his economical and judicious mode of managing his property, soon placed him in the most easy circumstances, and enabled him to make repeated accessions, by purchase, to the patrimony which had descended to him. But, though frugal in his habits, the subject of our notice was far, very far indeed, from exhibiting at any period of his career a spirit of avarice or money-hoarding. On the contrary, he was endowed with one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever fell to the lot of man, and hence, in reality, his celebrity—hence the immortality of his name as the Man of Ross. It was as a most extensive and unostentatious benefactor of his species that Pope enshrined John Kyrie in undying verse, and gave his name to all coming time. Before quoting the poet's lines, we may briefly describe to the reader the personal appearance and habits of Mr Kyrie, as far as any records on these points permit us to do.

The portraits of the Man of Ross display a regular, well-formed countenance, rather square in general outline, and strikingly expressive of mild cheerfulness and benevolence. The brow is open and expansive. In person, Mr Kyrie was tall, thin, and well shaped, and during his whole life his usual attire was a suit of brown, after the fashion of the day. He maintained his health by regular exercise from his youth upwards, turning his own hands to service in his favourite pursuits of horticulture and planting. A spade and a watering-pot were usually seen in his grasp, as he passed backwards and forwards between his dwelling and his fields. Having speedily increased his means, as we have said, and made his income re-

spectable, he lived well, and enjoyed himself frequently with his friends, though much company was not agreeable to him. It was his practice, as his habits became fixed, to entertain a party of his acquaintances on every market-day, and on every fair-day, in the town of Ross. Nine, eleven, or thirteen (he seemed partial to odd numbers), were the usual sum of the guests at his invitation dinners, including himself and a kinswoman, Miss Bubb. His dishes were plain and good, and the only beverages which appeared on his table were malt liquor and cider. At ordinary times, moreover, he loved dearly to see his neighbours dropping in upon him in the evening, was cheerful always with them, enjoyed a pleasant tale, and was uniformly discomposed and sad when time brought round the parting hour.

Such were the personal peculiarities and the merely personal habits of the Man of Ross. Let us now depict him in his character of a member of society, and display his conduct in his relations to his neighbours, to the poor around him, and to his fellow-creatures at large. Did that conduct justify these high commendations of the poet Pope?

P. “But all our praises why should lords engross?  
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:  
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the water flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
“Tux Maw or Ross,” each living babe replies!  
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread—  
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.  
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,  
The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves.  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.  
Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses sief the place,  
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.  
B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
O! say, what sums that generous hand supply,  
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?  
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a-year.  
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!  
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!  
B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?  
His race, his form, almost his name unknown?  
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.  
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor makes all the history.  
Enough, that virtue filled the space between—  
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.”

In every particular item of this panegyric, the poet's assertions were founded in strict truth. Pope acquired his intimate knowledge of the circumstances from being in the habit of occasionally visiting a Roman Catholic family resident in the immediate vicinity of Ross. We shall not attempt to tell at what periods of Mr Kyrie's life, which was extended to the term of eighty-seven years, the individual actions and events to be alluded to took place. Some of these acts were continued, indeed, through a long series of years. The clothing of “the sultry mountain with woods,” and the bestowal of the blessing of “water upon the swains of the vale,” to which Pope refers, were public acts, performed for the service of the people of Ross, at great private cost to Mr Kyrie. The “causeway,” and the “seats for weary travellers,” were matters of a similar character, and the “heav'n-directed spire” was another benefit, or rather ornament perhaps, to the town of Ross, conferred by its indefatigable MAN. Mr Kyrie thought the old spire in danger of falling, and his humane mind never rested till a new one was substituted, to the erection of which he contributed most amply. These are but one or two of the public benefits which so deeply endeared him to the people of Ross. But higher and nobler deeds are to be mentioned. His care of the poor was incessant. He fed them, clothed them, and cared for them every way, and this not for a time, or to relieve a passing necessity, but for long years—from the time, in truth, when he was in his manhood's pride, to the term when his head was white and hoary.

“Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread,  
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.”

This was strictly true. Some pious bishop or lord of former times had decreed that the tolls paid for all corn brought to the Ross market should be for the property of the poor, and the grant remained long in force. But the poor, through imperfect management, derived no good from the privilege, until the Man of Ross took the matter under his care, ground the toll-corn, and had it baked into bread at his own house, after which he distributed it every Saturday with his own hands in front of the market-house. Tradition reports in homely language (to use the words of a notice of Mr Kyrie), that it would “have done one's heart good to see how cheerful the old gentleman looked (for he was then very old) when engaged in distributing the bread.” The “alms-house” to which Pope refers was one in reality “fed” daily by the Man of Ross, since every day saw food taken from his own table to that of the charity. But, to speak the truth, any person who claimed this benevolent being's hospitable assistance received it, and that again and again. To poor girls

\* Adapted from a French newspaper of recent date.

he often gave marriage portions, and paid the apprentice fees for poor orphan boys. At his kitchen fire-place was placed a large wooden block for poor people to sit on, and to the poor, also, a piece of boiled beef, and three pecks of flour, in bread, were given every Sunday.

"Him portmanteau, apprenticed orphans blest,  
The young who labour and the poor who rest."

"Is any sick?" continues Pope, and describes the attention of the Man of Ross to the sick poor; his purse, his medicine chest, and, what was more, his personal ministrings, being ever ready for their relief. The passage, "Is there a variance," &c., has reference to another feature in the life of the subject of our memoir. Himself averse to all quarrelling, legal or otherwise, he exerted himself to maintain harmony among his neighbours, and for much more than half a century he was arbitrator in all their disputes—the chosen judge, in fact, of all civil causes in the district. Perhaps, in this character, his influence was more beneficial than in any other. In closing now our comment upon the text of Pope, we come to the most remarkable point in this whole history. Upon what mines, says the bard, did this mirror of benevolence draw to supply the demands of his boundless charity? No princely or ducal estates were his.

"This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year."

A truly wonderful instance this is, indeed, of the vast amount of good which prudent management may put in the power of those even of limited fortunes. Yet the whole is but another proof that Will and Skill can accomplish all things.

The town which Mr Kyrle so long adorned was justly proud of him during his life, and deeply revered his memory, when he was laid in the tomb. The name of the Man of Ross was not bestowed in the first instance by Pope, but was previously the common and popular designation of Mr Kyrle in the country around Ross. The subject of our notice never married. The poor of his district were his children and his family. From them he was removed at the venerable age we have mentioned, and the whole population of Ross and its vicinity followed the remains of the good man to the grave. Numerous as were the eyes that beheld the earth closed over the Man of Ross, perhaps not one individual there could not say, "There is the last sight of my benefactor." The day of his death was November the 20th, 1724, and he was laid in the chancel of Ross in Herefordshire. For a long time no other monument marked the place where he lay, than a flat stone with the initials J. K. But in later years a handsome stone has been erected over the body of the Man of Ross. The spot is a hallowed one to the inhabitants, and, indeed, every thing connected in the remotest degree with his memory is matter of reverence to the people of the place. One striking proof of this was afforded recently, when the church underwent a repair or renovation of its pews. The community with one voice exclaimed against the removal of one portion of John Kyrle's pew. It was left precisely in the position in which it was, when occupied by him.

#### ANECDOTES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE following narrative, while it strikingly exhibits the fallible and uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, affords also a convincing proof of the indispensable necessity of procuring medical testimony of the highest order, in all criminal cases relating to injuries of the person. The narrator, Mr Perfect, a surgeon at Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet* (Mr Wakley) in January of the present year, and as its diffusion is likely to do good, we take leave to transfer it from the pages of that periodical into our own:—

"It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Pack-Horse, Turnham-green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very leud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been obtained; curiosity alone, therefore, induced me to make way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and, I believe, a double jury, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to show that a farmer and market-gardener at Sutton-court Farm, had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of his elder brother, and sometimes begat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together.

One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any other footsteps but his own: time passed

on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alterations in the grounds surrounding the house having been undertaken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm), a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that the popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empanelled to investigate the case.

After listening attentively to these details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the farther end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance, for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and having myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of the teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I reconstructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones of the trunk to be those of a female. I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions might be sent for, one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report.

I need not add that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology, from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found was formerly the site of a large gravel-pit, in which hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and, perhaps, more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity."

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of this occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been "the happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the fate, of a murderer."

Not so fortunate in its issue was the case which we subjoin to this, and which occurred in England previously to the reign of Charles II. The narrative is given in one of the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, appointing his brother to be her guardian, and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing that on the day she was missing she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north, and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned; that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms; that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great earnestness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, 'Don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me; upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a fire-arm very near her, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution, the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north, but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation, she said, with some heat, 'I have set my heart upon it; if I do not marry him, it will be my death; and don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me; that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation."

#### GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—THE BOX TUNNEL.

ONE of the greatest obstacles to the accomplishment of this stupendous undertaking was found to exist in Box Hill, a large extent of elevated ground lying directly between, and about equidistant from, Chippenham and Bath. This hill, the highest part of which is about 400 feet above the proposed level of the railroad, could not be avoided; to make an open cutting through it was impossible, and to perforate it was thought by many equally so. Nevertheless, Mr Brunel, with that boldness for which he is so celebrated, adopted the latter plan, and, accordingly, it was determined that a tunnel, one mile and three quarters in length, forty feet in height, and thirty in width, should be made through the hill. The extraordinary attempt of boring through this immense mass, consisting in great part of solid beds of freestone, was commenced in the summer of 1836, and will, it is hoped, be completed in 1841. The difficulties that have stood in the way of the performance of this great work, particularly that part of it on the east, or Chippenham side, have been appalling; but hitherto they have been surmounted by the enterprise, skill, and perseverance of Mr Brewer, of Rudloe, and Mr Lewis, of Bath, the gentlemen who contracted with the directors for the completion of that portion of the work. The contract extends from Shaft No. 8, which is sunk at the proposed mouth of the tunnel on the east side, to a point 300 yards towards Shaft No. 6, and altogether 2418 feet from the entrance at the Chippenham end; this portion Messrs Brewer and Lewis confidently expect to be able to finish in January next. Independent of the difficulties arising from the laborious nature of the undertaking, the constant flow of water into the works from the numerous fissures in the rock, has been most annoying, and in the rainy season so formidable as almost to destroy all hope of being able to contend with it. In November 1837, the steam-pump then employed being quite inadequate to the task of making head against it, the water increased so fearfully, having filled the tunnel and risen to the height of 55 feet in the shaft, as to cause the total suspension of the work till the July following. This would have induced many persons to have abandoned the work in despair; but Messrs Brewer and Lewis, determined to fulfil their contract if possible, erected a second pump, worked by a steam-engine of 50 horse-power, and had the satisfaction of vanquishing their enemy and resuming their work. A few months afterwards (in November 1838), the works were again stopped by an influx of water, which, however, was got under in ten days, the engine discharging 32,000 hogsheads of water a day. The tunnel between Shafts No. 7 and No. 8 (1520 feet in length) is entirely finished at the roof, and for six feet below it, where the base is fourteen feet wide; but half way between the two shafts there still remain about 350 feet of cutting to be done, which is expected to be cleared away some time next month. In this portion of the work Messrs Brewer and Lewis commenced their operations at each end, working towards the centre; and when the two cuttings closely approximated, much anxiety was felt lest a straight line should not have been kept, and the union of the two portions of the work should not have been true; but on breaking through the last intervening portion of rock, the accuracy of the headings was proved, and to the joy of the workmen, who took a lively interest in the result, and to the triumph of Messrs Brewer and Lewis's scientific working, it was found that the junction was perfect to a hair as to the level, the two roofs forming an unvarying line; while at the sides the utmost deviation from a straight line was only one inch and a quarter. This, in a cutting of 1520 feet in length, begun at opposite ends, and worked towards a common centre, is perhaps unexampled in the annals of tunnelling. Notwithstanding the unfortunate accidents with which Messrs Brewer and Lewis have had to contend, and the probability that these accidents will deprive them of that fair profit which ought to attend such an adventure, their spirits have never given way; and the obstacles which have crossed their path, have only incited them to greater efforts to complete their undertaking in the time stipulated for in the contract. At this time they are using extraordinary efforts to make up for the delay which the interruption of



the water occasioned; upwards of 300 labourers being now employed by them. The cutting on the Chippenham side has hitherto been, and it has already extended 2000 feet, through one solid bed of freestone or superior oolite, in many places 130 feet thick, and lying upon a bed of fuller's earth, or clay, 120 feet in thickness; under which blue marl, resting upon lias clay, is found. So uninterrupted and compact is the rock through which this end of the tunnel passes, that no masonry is required on any part of it, the stone itself forming sides and roof, and nothing being required at the bottom but the rails on which the carriages will run.—*Abridged from the Wiltshire Independent.*

## THE KENT DISTURBANCES OF MAY 1838.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

WE are now to give an abridgement of the report made by Mr Liardet to the Central Society of Education, with regard to the moral and intellectual condition of the district in which these disturbances took place. This district comprehends the parishes of Herne-hill and Boughton, together with the ville of Dunkirk; but most of the rioters belonged to Herne-hill. "The scenery of this little region is peculiarly English. Gently rising hills, and picturesque vales, covered with a rich herbage, or bearing the show of a minute and skilful husbandry, succeed to each other. Fields of waving corn are interspersed with gardens, hop-grounds, and orchards."

Mr Liardet was at first incredulous as to the faith alleged to have been reposed by the country people in the pretensions of Thoms. For the purpose of ascertaining the truth on this important point, he questioned almost every person with whom he came in contact, in cottages, in beer-shops, and the fields; and their testimony was all concurrent to the effect that the greater part of Thoms's followers believed him to be what he had represented himself, and considered that they were not only justified in obeying him as their lord, but that disobedience would entail upon them the most tremendous of calamities.

Of eight persons killed in the riots, Mr Liardet gives the following account:—

"Edward Wright was a substantial yeoman, farming about sixty acres of his own land. He had received the usual education of persons of his class, and could read and write. He is represented by those who knew him, as a man of a sullen, uncommunicative character, extremely tenacious of his rights. He never went to church or chapel; and when pressed upon the subject, said he would not go to hear a man who robbed him every day of his life by taking tithe. He was not in the habit of reading much, and had only a few books, chiefly of a religious character. He was more than sixty years of age, and his children are all capable of providing for themselves."

William Foster was a labourer, in the service of Mr Smoulton of Canterbury, and received two shillings and sixpence per diem. He was a good workman, always employed, a quiet, well-behaved man, and in the constant habit of attending church. Foster could read, and in his cottage were a Testament and a few religious books. He has left a widow and five children.

William Rye, an industrious labourer, in constant employment, receiving two shillings and sixpence per diem; an attendant at church. He has left a widow and four children. Rye had never learnt to read, and had no books in his cottage.

George Branchett had been a private in the East Kent militia. He was a labourer, an industrious man, but during the last winter had fallen into great distress, and was taken, with his family, into the Union workhouse at Faversham. While there, his wife and two of his children died; and shortly after leaving it, two more children died. He has left three other children, two of whom have since his death been received back into the workhouse. This poor man had received no education, and his misfortunes and distresses left him peculiarly open to the alluring promises of Thoms.

Stephen Baker was an inoffensive young man, in constant employment at the rate of two shillings and threepence per diem. He could read a little, and was in the habit of attending church. He has left a widow, but no child.

William Burford was a labourer, and the only one killed who was known as a decidedly bad character. He was a reputed sheep-stealer, and suspected to be concerned in several depredations that had been committed. I could not ascertain whether he had received any education. In his cottage were a Testament and one or two other books of a religious nature. He has left a widow and child.

George Griggs was a regular farm-servant, with good board and wages. He had been in his youth a constant attendant at the Sunday school, and is mentioned as having made great progress in religious knowledge, and as being capable of returning very suitable answers to questions on such subjects. He was unmarried.

Phineas Harvey, another single man, was a sober industrious labourer. He was in constant employ, and receiving two shillings and threepence per diem. I could not ascertain what degree of education he had received; but he was represented as a quiet, well-conducted man, and usually attended church.

Of the sixteen persons now in jail at Maidstone, and eleven others discharged on their own recognizances,

nearly the whole were men of steady, reputable character. Four only of them were in distressed circumstances; the remainder were either labourers in well-paid, constant employment, or possessing tenements of their own. Of these last there were no fewer than six."

Mr Liardet gives a minute statistical account of the district, from which, however, little more appears than that the bulk of the people are agricultural labourers, and by no means destitute of physical comfort. With regard to the moral condition of Herne-hill, he says, "Of the fifty-one families examined, seven parents only ever opened a book after the labours of the day were closed. To the inquiry how they passed their time in the long winter evenings, the answer in most cases was, 'About home, doing sometimes one thing sometimes another; but, in most instances, going early to bed for want of something to do.' In two cases only was the alehouse confessed to be the usual resort, though there is little doubt but that these candid persons were not so wholly without the countenance of their neighbours as the answers would imply. Indeed, if they were, the landlords of the two public-houses and two beer-houses (for that is the number in the village) might long ago have taken down their signs."

The number of books in the possession of the cottagers corresponded with their indifference and inaptitude to mental recreation of any sort. Out of the fifty-one families, four only are mentioned as possessing any books besides the Bible, Testament, prayer and hymn books. In thirty-four cottages, one or other of the last-mentioned books was found, and, in some instances, a few religious tracts. These constituted the whole of the mental aliment of the district. Not a Penny Magazine, nor any of the other cheap publications of the day, which convey so much useful instruction and amusement to the working-classes in the towns, was to be seen.

The returns give to the fifty-one families forty-five children above the age of fourteen years, and one hundred and seventeen under that age. Of the first class, eleven only can read and write, twenty-one can read a little, and the remainder cannot. In the second class, forty-two attend school, but several of these go only occasionally. The rest do not go at all. Six only can read and write; of twenty-two who can read, only thirteen read fluently, and nine very little; and the remainder cannot read at all. In twelve families, the boys are instructed in gardening, husbandry, or in something distinct from reading and writing. This, however, must be taken with some qualification; for, in most cases where the inquiry was pursued, it proved that the boys were merely employed in assisting their father in his labours, in doing which they seldom received any instruction. In fifteen families, the girls were said to learn brewing, baking, and other household matters, independent of sewing; while in thirty-four families they practised nothing but washing and needle-work.

The parish possesses a Sunday school, and three others, in one only of which is writing taught. This school is kept by a master, who, being from physical infirmity incapable of labour, was obliged to adopt this mode of life. He has only eighteen scholars, and half of this number come from neighbouring parishes. The mode of instruction is the old system, and the instruction itself of the simplest kind. The only books used are the Universal Spelling Book, Vyse's Spelling Book, Duncan's English Expositor, Entick's Dictionary, the Bible and Testament, and one of the old manuals of arithmetic. Not more than one-half of the scholars can write, and of these a few only are instructed in the rudiments of arithmetic. History, geography, and grammar, do not form a part of even the nominal scheme of instruction. It is, however, the high school of the place, and those parents who sent their children there took credit for the sacrifice they made. The terms are—for reading only, sixpence a-week; and for reading, writing, and arithmetic, 13s. 5d. a-quarter. The village, however, is unable to support even such a school as this; for, as before stated, one-half of the scholars come from other places.

The two other schools are merely dame-schools, in which nothing but sewing and reading are taught. Many of the children attend so irregularly, and are often absent for such long periods, that they forget all they have learned. Owing to this, some children are unable to read, after being members of the school two or three years. The books in use are the Bible, the Testament, Catechism, and some religious tracts. From being confined constantly to these books, the children imagine they cannot read others. When asked if they could read, a common answer was, 'Yes, a little in the Testament.' Children who could read this book fluently enough, instantly began to spell and hesitate when desired to read out of another. The reason is, they have read, and heard read, the same thing so often, that the sound of one word suggests the following one. They even remember some words from their length or form, and the position they occupy in the page, which they would not know in another book. This accounts in some measure for instances, not very uncommon, of boys of thirteen or fourteen, who have left school two or three years, answering, when asked if they could read, that they could once, but have forgot now, since they left school.

The largest of the two dame-schools is chiefly supported by the vicar of the parish. For this purpose he allows the schoolmistress to receive rent free, the

vicarage-house, a small building well adapted for a school, and the garden and some land belonging to it. In return, the vicar retains the right of sending to the school such children as he chooses without payment, though for some he pays voluntarily fourpence a-week. The parents of the other children pay three-pence a-week for each child. The number attending the school varies very much, being sometimes as low as thirty, and at others as high as fifty. It is remarkable that the last mistress who kept this school, the husband of the present one, and the husband of the mistress of the other school, were the three staunchest adherents of Thoms, and put more faith in his absurd pretensions than any others of his followers.

The Sunday school is also supported chiefly at the expense of the vicar, and the superintendence of it is undertaken by his lady. The school is held in their residence, and they have been at great pains to increase the number of those intended to be benefited by their laudable endeavours. The instruction given, as in most Sunday schools, is entirely of a religious nature. The object (as described) has been to make the children practically acquainted with moral and religious truths. With this view, after repeating the answers in the Catechism, the children are required to give the substance of the answers in their own language. By these means many of them became (to use the words of my informer) as well instructed in the principles of religion, and were as capable of giving pertinent answers to questions concerning them, as the generality of the children of the opulent. There were, however, complaints that, notwithstanding this apparent progress, the children could never be brought to connect what they learned in school with their practice in life, and remained as idle, mischievous, and vicious, as before. A young lad, named Griggs, who was killed in the affray, had been one of the most promising pupils while in the school, and she said it was impossible to attribute his conduct in joining Thoms to any want of religious instruction.

The schools above described are the only means of instruction open to the children of the parish; and how utterly incapable they are of affording even the lowest degree of education required in the present day, need not be said. In justice, however, to the present incumbent of the parish, it should be recollected, in addition to what has before been stated, that no school of any kind existed before his appointment to it.

The facts ascertained respecting the other portions of the district were of the same character, and need not be repeated. Mr Liardet adds, that an inquiry made two years ago respecting eight parishes in Kent, gave exactly similar results:—"It would be easy," he further says, "if it were required, to adduce reasons for believing that the gross ignorance shown to exist in these districts is not confined to them, but that their condition may be regarded as a fair sample of that of the same class in other parts of the country."

He gives some curious illustrations of the tendency of this ignorance to bring about pauperism. Its tendency to occasion fanaticism is thus adverted to:—"A little consideration of the nature of rural life will show the danger of leaving the peasantry in such a state of ignorance. In the solitude of the country, the uncultivated mind is much more open to the impressions of fanaticism than in the bustle and collision of towns. In such a stagnant state of existence the mind acquires no activity, and is unaccustomed to make those investigations and comparisons necessary to detect imposture. The slightest semblance of evidence is often sufficient with them to support a deceit which elsewhere would not have the smallest chance of escaping detection. If we look for a moment at the absurdities and inconsistencies practised by Thoms, it appears at first utterly inconceivable that any persons out of a lunatic asylum could have been deceived by him. That an imposture so gross and so slenderly supported should have succeeded, must teach us, if any thing will, the folly and danger of leaving the agricultural population in the debasing ignorance which now exists among them."

From all that has been ascertained, the following deductions may, we think, be very fairly made. The English rural intellect is not naturally of an active or penetrating character. The people get little education, and that little is not conducted in such a way as to rouse the mind to a state of activity, so as to supply the want of natural shrewdness. What they learn, therefore, is only apparently learned. They become able to read certain pages of certain books by rote, but, for want of a right system of teaching, they never attain an understanding of what is written on these pages, and, when removed from school, retain no tincture whatever of their so-called education after forgetting the forms and local arrangement of the words composing their lessons. In such circumstances, it is obvious that the well-meant exertions of their superiors to inculcate religious truths, must be in a great measure baulked. With a people naturally of lively intellect, like the Scotch, those exertions would be effectual for their own particular end, and we should then have a rural class rationally pious, as their northern neighbours now are, and equally impenetrable to fanaticism. But as the case stands, the mind remains inert, and no real progress is made. What is immediately wanted is something to rouse or awake the mind, so that the limited education in the mean time given may become effectual. Were the intellectual mode of instruction introduced, it might further this end considerably. Something more, however, as

wanted. The intellect of the rural class must be subjected to an extensive training, not only in religious, but other kinds of knowledge. Only then, we are persuaded, can we attain success even with the religious part of education; still more can we only then fit the human being for all his various duties, and for becoming a sound and safe citizen.

#### ADVENTURE ON THE CLYDE.

AFTER an agreeable residence of a few weeks on the sea-shore near Gourrock, which may be styled the Margate or Ramsgate of Glasgow, I went one day on board a steamer to re-ascend the Clyde. The weather was fine, and the deck of the boat was crowded with passengers of all kinds, from the portly manufacturer of the western capital, returning like myself from a little pleasurable rustication, to the poor shattered invalid, whom the beautiful day and the low fare had tempted to take a sail down the river and back again. Many were the vessels passing to and fro that day on the Clyde, but one only of these drew any particular attention from our company. This was a large Irish steamer, which shot past us just as we were opposite to Dumbarton, being probably on its way to Belfast or Dublin. Perhaps it was the number of genuine and unmistakable Milesians on the deck, all returning, ragged as they came, to their native soil, that made myself and others fix our gaze for a minute or two on this vessel. While doing so, we heard a loud cry emitted by some one on board, and saw a great bustle take place on the deck, all the passengers running to one side. Almost immediately the steam was let off, and the vessel brought to a stop. Our captain, on seeing these movements, said, "Surely there is some one overboard!" But the distance was every moment increasing, and we failed to satisfy ourselves that such was the cause of the stir. In a little while, the passengers, one after another, turned lounging and indifferently away, and the Irish steamer was soon alike out of sight and out of mind.

Our own vessel moved on. We passed the terminus of the Roman wall and site of Henry Bell's well-deserved monument. A fiddle, tolerably well played, was struck up by a musician hitherto undistinguished in the crowd of passengers. As we were approaching Erskine ferry, a female voice was heard exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn! Where is my bairn?" and, on turning round, I found that the words proceeded from a young woman of six or seven and twenty, who bore one child in her arms, and led another in her hand. Her countenance was turned anxiously and imploringly to the captain, as she uttered the words just mentioned. The captain was close behind me. "My good woman," said he, "don't distress yourself. If you have missed one of your children, it cannot be far away." "Oh, sir," returned the mother, "I missed it but shortsyne; but I looked every where about the deck before I spoke. Oh, where is my bairn?" The passengers had assembled around the spot, and the poor woman's appealing eyes were cast on the circle, as she gave vent to the last exclamation. "Some of the men may have taken the child below for amusement," said the captain, soothingly, and away he went to ascertain the truth of his own conjecture. The young wife followed him. The result, however, was, that the child could not be seen or heard of in the ship. The captain began to look gloomy, and the company on board the steamer were again in a buzz of sympathising curiosity. Conjecture once more was busy, though it could only tend to one single point—that the child was overboard. But how it had got overboard was the question. Being but five years of age (the eldest of three who had been with the mother), he could scarcely be supposed to have climbed the side of the vessel, even if he had been desirous of looking over into the water. How then could the thing have happened?

One man only could throw a single ray of even conjectural light on the fate of the child. This passenger stated, that, while he had been seated by the side of the vessel occupied in reading, and in such a position that his eye could see the water nearly to the side of the boat, he had at one time got a momentary glance of what seemed to him a piece of paper or rag on the water; but, through the motion of the vessel, the object had been but an instant before his sight, and could scarcely be said to have occupied his thoughts for a second's duration, if at all. Shortly afterwards, he observed another circumstance which he did not then suppose to have any connection with what he had previously seen. This was the open state of the gangway door, or that portion of the bulwark which is so constructed as to open for the admission of passengers and goods. On observing it open, he had risen to shut it, but thought no more of the matter. Both incidents were so trifling that he could not say at what period of the voyage they had taken place.

The passengers and captain proceeded to the gangway door. The bolt was examined, and it was found on trial, that the wood beneath the staple, and the staple itself, were so much worn away, as to cause the door to burst open to the outside, on the instant that any force was applied to it from the deck or inside. Every face looked sad, and yet satisfied, at this discovery. Here was, in all human probability, the place and the cause of the child's unhappy disappearance; and the object seen on the water by the reading passenger confirmed the supposition. We remember feeling pleased with the conduct of an Englishman present on the occasion. With the straightforward

and fearless candour of his country, he openly administered a severe reprimand to the captain for his carelessness in permitting the gangway door to remain in such a condition. "It is nothing less," said the rebuker, "than a direct trap for children! Where can they think themselves safe, when agitated by natural fears at finding themselves for the first time in a ship, if not when they sent themselves on deck, and lean for firm support against the vessel's sides? This child has entertained the thought, and has fallen a victim to it."

Who can describe the state of the poor mother all this while! When the discoveries just related had been made, hope seemed to take flight for the first time. Her exclamations went to the heart of all on board. She was the wife of a humble tradesman in Glasgow, and her children having been attacked by an epidemic, she had been sent by her husband to take a trip down the Clyde and up again, in order to speed their convalescence. "Oh! what will their father say!" was her constant cry; "I took three away, and bring home but two! What will its father say!" The prospective distress of her husband seemed to pain her more than any thing else, yet, ever and anon, all feelings but the mother's departed, and she shed the agonising tears of a "Rachel weeping for her children." While glancing now and then at her grief-steeped countenance, which was naturally a comely and interesting one, every person on board that vessel would have given much to have been able to alleviate her distress, and when the boat landed at the Broomielaw, many were eager to assist her on her course homewards. But she was accompanied by a friend of her own sex, who precluded the necessity of any such aid. With this person, then, she wended her way to the home, which, for the first time, probably, she felt reluctant to enter. What were the feelings of the father on hearing of the accident, can only be imagined.

I afterwards learned that the distress of the honest pair lasted but one night. Joy came to them with the morning—and the Greenock coach; for in that vehicle, before breakfast-time, arrived the missing boy. As conjectured, he had fallen backwards through the treacherous gangway door, and been precipitated into the water. The receding tide had carried him rapidly down the river for a short space. Luckily he was observed from the Irish steamer, the captain of which instantly stopped to pick him up. This was the cause of the bustle we had observed in that vessel, and I now wondered that no one had thought of the possibility of such being the case when the mother was waiting for a lost son. By using the proper exertions life had been restored to the poor child, and when they reached Greenock, the parties on board left him to be sent back to his parents, each contributing a trifle to pay the necessary expenses. I could not help thinking it almost worth while to have a son thus endangered, and suffering the acutest pain on his account for a night, in order to draw forth so much good feeling from one's fellow-creatures, and experience so joyful a relief from temporary sorrow.

#### THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

His majesty was seated near the window, supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was, as usual, perfectly simple: the rich jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two-and-thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man. His countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good-humoured expression; his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable; he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid, that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information; he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his own country. His court is far inferior in style and splendour to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal offices of state being occupied by men of low origin, deficient in that magnificent courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue of princes of the blood and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse-appointed followers. The Shah is a strict and conscientious Mussulman; he never indulges in the forbidden juice of the grape, an abstinence rare in a royal family; nor does he follow the universal practice of smoking. His harem, unlike that of his grandfather, the number of which exceeded all credibility, is within the limits prescribed by the Mahomedan law. Well would it have been for Persia and Fatteh, had Ali Shah been as moderate; for every government, however significant, was conferred upon one of his countless sons, who drained the very heart's blood of the country. Since the accession of the present monarch, the greater part of these have been removed, and many of them are now reduced to the utmost distress, living from hand to mouth by the sale of shawls and jewels, the relics of better days. Some of the late king's wives have passed into the harem of private individuals; others, who had amassed some property, live in their respective villages. Mahomed Shah has two sons; the eldest, the destined successor, is now at Tabriz, under

the care of Suleeman Khan, his maternal uncle. The mother of the boy was of the royal tribe. The second, who resides at Tehran, is a chubby little fellow, about three years old, the son of a Koordish woman.—From *Wilbraham's Trans-Caucasian Travels*.

#### THE SABBATH MORN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[From a Miscellany published at Huddersfield, in aid of the Sunday and Infants' School of that place.]

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening Morn,  
Thou mirror of the mystery above!—  
Oh! sainted day, on prophet pinions borne,  
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;  
How longs the soul with Deity to move,  
And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel  
Thy beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love—  
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,  
Till ope the heavenly gates JAHOVAH to reveal!—

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings  
Thus like a seraph's reach eternal day!—  
Futurity its starry mantle flings  
And shrinks the Past an atom in its ray!—  
So mighty—so magnificent—the way  
Which leads to God!—so endless,—so sublime!—  
The skies grow dark, THEIR grandeur falls away  
Before the wordless glory of that clime  
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds of Time!—

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening Morn;—  
Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest;—  
Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lone,  
To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest  
And bless the Voice which ever leaves him blest!—  
Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!—  
Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,  
His child, with little hands, and upward gaze,  
Pleads for its parents' health, and happy length of days!

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale  
Whose verdant arms enfold you village fair;—  
Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,  
Afar from Commerce and her sons of care—  
Guide me where maidens young for Church prepare  
In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!  
With reverent step, and mild submissive air,  
Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite  
To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light!  
Oh, sight the loveliest human eyes e'er found!  
To view two sisters o'er the same page bound,  
Their lovely arms each other's waist around—  
Their soft, bright hair in careless ringlets blend—  
Their mingling breath like incense sweet ascend  
Over God's Book—His angel-book of Truth!—  
Their hearts, minds, feelings, all emotions lend  
A vision of that paradise of youth  
Ere Adah's beauteous form drooped 'neath the serpent's  
tooth!—

Morning of worship!—with thy beams arise  
Devotions sanctified by memories dear;  
With thee the hymns of Nations wake the skies!—  
The broken prayer;—the sinner's contrite tear;  
Hail, blessed morn, that brings the distant near;  
Bids kindred meet the hallowed page around:—  
Pours comfort in the friendless Widow's ear,  
For Who the wild birds feed whilst Winter frowned,  
Will succour her poor babes when she sleeps in the ground!  
Some hand, she prays, an INFANT SCHOOL may raise!—  
And learn—oh task divine!—their lips to bless!  
Teach them that hope the Book of Christ conveys,  
To be their consolation in distress!—  
And He—the father of the fatherless—  
The sheltering wing of the poor orphan dove,—  
God,—more than words may show—or thought ex-  
press,—

Shall aid them with his own almighty love!—  
For Angels plead for these—the motherless!—above!  
Hail Sabbath hour!—Hail comforter and guide!  
Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;  
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide  
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—  
Hour when to all that mourn thy peace descends!  
When e'en the captive's bonds less sternly lower:—  
Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—  
Hour of Salvation!—God's redeeming hour!—  
Eternity is thine! and Heaven-exalting power!

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